

Dearest family

Greetings and joy from your prodigal son. The thought that I will be home in a week fills me with joy. Some days I can hardly wait. But I've fixed my mind on leaving soon after Thanksgiving, and that's when it will be. But that is only a month away, and something I can begin planning on now. I think I will be bringing back the Padilla family with me. It is a horrible thought, 1800 miles with them. But they can help with the driving and pay the entire expense of the trip. Of course we will go on to Delano, but I always look forward to that first night in California with you. And in addition to seeing you, I would like to see Lisa that night too. But it may be asking too much. It would mean putting up Mrs. Padilla and 6 children (one 15 yr. old boy and all the rest girls except for a very young boy). The ages are 3 (girl), 4 (boy), 6 (girl) 9 (girl) 15 (boy) and 16 (girl). And Gil might come too, another problem since Dolores doesn't sleep with him. They may want to go straight to Delano, and you might not want to face such a mess, but consider it and warn me of your decision. If you decide "yes", plan to put them on the floor and double up or triple up the kids. There used to be it. There was one single and one 1 1/2 size mattress for the entire family when

they lived in the office for 3 weeks during the flood. I wouldn't even suggest this except that I know already -- after 1800 miles of driving with them, Claremont is going to seem luxuriously inviting, and I would really hate to drive by without stopping.

I have begun to spend some of my hurricane money, and again, much thanks. We have new curtains and new paint. Only the floors need fixing now. And I have dug out all my best posters for the walls, which are really looking great. It is the most pleasingly fixed up house I have ever lived in. I also spent some on a wonderful beach trip to Padre. Six of us went. The swimming was warm and beautiful and the shells were fantastic. Then we bought a mess of shrimp and drove back to Rio Grande and cooked them and turned on for the feast and an evening of Indian Ragos and Jefferson Airplane and Sgt Pepper.

Ginny, your A.F.T. sounds great. "A Poor Professor is a poor professor" Hotta Jelly good. Teachers are organizing all over the country, except Texas.

Enclosed is the new Malverde, with some very good stuff in it if you can figure it out.

P.S. More Archives on their way. Be sure that they are in a safe dry rat free place, if you moved them.

Love to you all  
D.

Dear Family —

What a joyous generous gift greeted me when I went to the Valley the other day. It is still uncashed, but will be used to fix the record player and get some kind of covers for the records first. And the main trip I am contemplating with it is home.

It's funny that you should mention Sidney, but she's been on my mind off & on all summer. This is the "Whitewing" area that Carter used to hunt in and I was planning on encouraging her to come alone if he came down this September to shoot doves. As usual, I never wrote. The dove season was the two weeks before Bunkah. How lucky they didn't come. But I still must write. I would love to take a gulf coast swing, see Mobile and then hit Florida. There will be a big new drive in Florida this winter. And I would love to see the Hardens. But do you realize that Mobile is almost 1000 miles from here? Mexico City is closer!

The desert flowers were beautiful, though I was sorry to hear the news about Aethal Jr. It must have been very beautiful.

I'm going through a very lonely stage, due to total lack of privacy and total lack of good friends. I'm very sorry David didn't come back. My house is about the size of our living room and dining room combined. I have 4 small rooms, a primitive bathroom

2  
(Indoor plumbing and a dripping pipe as a shower). But  
It's mine, private, nice. Well, David moved in but  
we are quite compatible, so only minor problems,  
though I really do like privacy (the trouble  
with the house in Pharr was it was too  
lonely). When I got back from California, Al  
David moved in, a young "radical" from Chicago  
who babbles continuously about nothing, or in  
cliches and truisms, with an obnoxious laugh and  
a habit of ending every sentence with a questioning  
"Right?" or "Know what I mean?" I have a psychological  
urge to answer him, especially since I usually  
disagree ~~the~~ with what he says, but it really isn't  
usually worth an answer. I guess my main gripe is  
he stole my privacy. We really aren't especially  
compatible, but whenever I go anywhere he tags  
along.

Then Tommy Padilla moved in. The Padillas are  
all cooped up in the office, so I invited him to  
sleep on the couch (Al has the folding cot).  
Tommy is 15, is quiet and no trouble. And  
3 to 5 of his friends hang around a lot too, but  
they are also quiet, and I really have no complaint  
against them.

But then desperate Mrs. Padilla decided  
that if Tommy could live here, she could at least  
cook her. I didn't want to tell her No. She  
had been trapped in that 2 room office for  
two weeks with those 7 kids, 3 yrs, 4 yrs, 7 yrs,  
9 yrs, plus Tommy, Martha, and Becky, all

3/  
teenagers. Becky got so desperate that at the height of the flood she got married. She's 17, he's 18. After a quick fight, the families gave their blessings. Well, Mrs. Padilla arrives at 9 each morning with her 5 kids (Tommy's already here). Tommy's three friends show up about that time as Mrs. P. begins breakfast and the kids begin taking showers. There is not enough pressure to take a shower and wash dishes, so the person in the shower is constantly yelling at whoever has turned on the kitchen tap. The smallest kids are all screamers anyway, and begin shrieking as soon as they arrive. It rained the last two days so they had to stay inside. At about 10, Senora Becky arrives with 2 to 4 girlfriends who converse and cackle loudly in Spanish as Mrs. P. makes them breakfast. The record player (the little one Robin gave me, which came through undamaged) plays the records that the Padillas had, over and over -- sentimental or polka style Spanish hit parade -- awful. They leave about noon -- all but Tommy & his friends and Al. There are a few hours of relative quiet. The People's Army attacks again about 4 to 6. When I leave for relief, Al sees me going and says "Where are you going? I'll go with you...."

On top of this, the hurricane has killed all hope of any big drive this winter. Over 80% of the winter crops (mostly citrus) were ruined, so

there will be very little work and tremendous unemployment. A huge oversupply of labor. Wages will decline. When the 13,000 refugees from Camargo were here, people were hiring them for 50¢ a day, an 8 hour day for clean up work, at gas stations. And they took the jobs, fought over them. Partly to kill the boredom after a week in the school gymnasium, partly for a little cash, since the Red Cross couldn't provide everything (for once I really appreciate the Red Cross, though. In spite of chaos and occasional stinginess, they were wonderful). I think Padilla wants to pull out too. I'm very torn, wanting to go, wanting to stay. We'll see.

My love to Robin and Bunny  
and write when you can. I love your letters

D. III

P.S. Lisa Lee is at Scripps. I had kind of broken with her, since I didn't like the scene at her parents and felt I should give her time to grow up a little. But I just got a nice letter from her. Why don't you invite her over for dinner, or to a play or something. You met her in Sacramento, Gorge. I'll write to her too.

~~They~~ They badly chopped up my article in Liberation, but I'm pleased they printed it.